Gold Standard

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Gold Standard

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

You get a little #freakedout with your trainee after a couple drinks

Notes

Dude fuck… I think… I might be gay… JKJK jk just kidding haha whattttt I mean what nah never I'm platonic with stay I prommy

Anyways another old draft I fixed up from the dredges of my docs, that's why it's super chopped and lots of repetition so go easy on me

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

The blue light of your laptop screen was the only thing keeping your eyes open. It was past nine, the silence of your apartment punctuated only by the rhythmic click-clack of your keyboard as you logged split times.

You'd been intentional about this day off; no academy, no turf, no shouting over the roar of a crowd. Just you, a stack of performance reviews, and the blissful lack of a certain trainee.

Then came the knock.

It wasn't a polite, tentative tap. It was a rhythmic, thud—the sound of someone who didn't just expect you to be home, but expected you to be happy they were there.

You groaned, rubbing your temples, and checked the peep-hole. Of course.

When you swung the door open, Stay Gold was leaning against the doorframe, looking entirely too comfortable for someone who hadn't been invited. He'd traded his wear for an oversized, heather-grey t-shirt that hung off his petite frame and a pair of black sweatpants that pooled slightly at his ankles. His hair was a mess, the white streak falling over his eyes, and his tail was swishing with a slow laziness.

He held up a crinkling plastic bag, the unmistakable clink of glass bottles singing from within.

"You look like hell, Trainer," he chirped, his voice smooth and raspy, carrying that effortless charm that had probably broken a hundred hearts across the last couple decades. "Seriously. Your eyes are getting that glassy look. You're going to turn into a spreadsheet if you don't step away from the desk."

"Stay," you sighed, leaning your weight against the door to keep him from sliding past. "I told you. Today was a work day, not a 'get drunk on my couch' day."

"Aw c'mon don't be like that, all that boring stuff can wait. The beer," he lifted the bag again, a mischievous glint in his eyes, "cannot. They're cold. Crisp. Practically begging to be drank by two overworked professionals."

"We are not professionals when we're together," you countered, though your resolve was already crumbling. The smell of the outdoors

—cool night air and a hint of the sandalwood scent he always wore—was far more inviting than whatever you had going on. "And you should be resting. You have a mock start tomorrow morning."

Stay Gold let out a sharp, barking laugh, stepping closer into your personal space. Since he was a head shorter than you, he had to look up, but he never made it feel like he was at a disadvantage. If anything, the way he tilted his head made you feel like you were the one being cornered.

"A mock start? Please. I could do those in my sleep and still pull a second-place finish," he teased, poking a finger into your chest. "Come on. Just one. Or two. I'll be good, I promise. I'll even let you tell me how 'disappointed' you are in my work ethic while I drink your health."

You looked at the bag, then at his smug face.

"One beer," you said, stepping back and gesturing him in. "And then you're going back to the dorms. I mean it, Stay. I have a deadline."

"Yeah, yeah. You're the boss," he lied easily, kicking his shoes off near the door and padding into your living room like he owned the place. He didn't head for the kitchen; he headed straight for your couch, setting the bag of beer onto the coffee table with a heavy thud.

He flopped down, sprawling his legs out and letting his head fall back against the cushions. "God, your place is always so quiet. It's nice, I could probably fall asleep here."

You followed him, closing the door and feeling the shift in the room's energy. "I need sleep, actually. And for my lead racer to stop treating my apartment like a satellite office for his drinking habits."

"I don't drink at the office," Stay corrected, reaching into the bag and pulling out a beer. He popped the cap with a flick of a bottle opener he pulled from his pocket, the hiss of carbonation filling the room. He took a long, indulgent swig, his throat bobbing as he swallowed. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, sighing in contentment. "I drink with my favorite person. Big difference."

He patted the spot on the sofa next to him, his tail flicking against the fabric. "Sit. Tell me which racer's stats you were obsessing over instead of mine. I promise not to get jealous. Much."

You sat, but you kept a respectable distance—or tried to. Stay Gold

had a way of migrating. Within seconds, he had shifted, tucking one leg under himself and leaning toward you, the cool condensation of his beer bottle brushing against your arm.

"I can’t stand you," you muttered, taking the second bottle he offered.

"Well that’s why you’re sitting," he countered, clinking his bottle against yours. "And you love it. Now, c’mon… surely you have something you want to talk about."

The air in the bedroom was thick, heavy with the scent of spilled hops, sweat, and the musk of a man who’d spent his life running under a hot sun. The "one or two" beers had vanished hours ago, replaced by a reckless, hazy heat that had dragged you both from the living room to the tangled sheets of your bed.

You were hovering over him, your knees bracketed around his narrow hips. The desk, the deadlines, the papers—it was all a world away, drowned out by the sound of Stay Gold’s ragged breathing. He was pinned against the pillows, his dark hair fanned out like a halo of stained mahogany, those golden-violet eyes blown wide with a mixture of drunken mirth and genuine, unadulterated heat.

"I told you..." he rasped, his voice a vibration you felt in your own chest. He reached up, his small, calloused hands fumbling with the remaining buttons of your shirt. His movements were slow, deliberate—charismatic even when he was half-trashed. "I told you that you looked like you needed... a release. You work too hard, Trainer. Always looking at the finish line... never enjoying the ride."

"Shut up, Stay," you breathed, leaning down to capture his lips.

The kiss was messy, tasting of lager and desperate wanting. He tasted like trouble. His tongue flicked against yours, daring you to take more, while his fingers finally won the battle with your buttons, pushing the fabric off your shoulders. He didn't just touch; he explored, his palms sliding over your ribs with a heat that made your head spin.

He broke the kiss just enough to nip at your lower lip, a sharp, playful sting. "Make me," he chuckled, a low, vibrating sound in his throat. "You’re the boss, right? Order me to be quiet. Shove me down... see if

I listen."

His tail was a frantic, whip-like motion beneath you, thumping against the mattress, betraying just how much he was enjoying the sight of you on him. He reached for the waistband of your pants, his knuckles grazing your skin, and you felt that familiar jolt of electricity. He was so much smaller than you, so deceptively delicate-looking, yet it didn't feel that way.

"You're supposed to be... resting," you groaned, though your hands were busy shoving his shirt up, baring the lean, soft muscle of his chest. You pressed him down harder into the mattress, your weight pinning him, but he only grinned wider, his pupils shimmering.

"This is rest," he murmured, his hands sliding down to your hips to pull you flush against him. "Active recovery. Best thing for the heart rate."

He arched his back, his skin slick with a fine sheen of sweat that made him glow in the dim light. He started to guide your hands, showing you exactly where he wanted to be touched, his fingers interlaced with yours as he pulled you closer for another searing, open-mouthed kiss. Every time you tried to regain a shred of professional dignity, he'd let out a soft, needy huff against your neck, his teeth grazing your pulse point, and your resolve would shatter all over again.

"You're going to be... so late tomorrow," you whispered against his skin, your breath hitching as he hooked a leg around your waist, drawing you into the cradle of his thighs.

"Then you'll just have to come wake me up," he breathed, his voice dripping with honeyed mischief. "Drag me out of bed. Rough me up a bit... just like this. I won't complain."

He reached up, cupping your face, his thumb stroking your cheekbone with a sudden, uncharacteristic tenderness that was almost more dangerous than his teasing. "Don't think about tomorrow. Just look at me, won't you?"

You didn't need much more convincing. You leaned down, burying your face in the crook of his neck, breathing him in as the last of your clothes hit the floor.

The cool air of the room hit your skin, but you barely felt it over the radiating heat coming off of him.

Now that he was completely bare, the contrast was striking. He looked like a masterpiece of lean, functional muscle—the body of a racer built for endurance and sudden, violent bursts of speed. But your eyes were drawn lower, and you felt a sharp, involuntary intake of breath. Despite his stature, Stay was... exceptionally well-endowed. He looked up at you, catching your widened eyes, and a slow, crooked smirk spread across his face.

"What's the matter, Trainer?" he purred, his tail giving a satisfied thwack against the sheets. "Cat got your tongue? Or did you finally realize why they call me 'Gold'?"

"You're such an idiot," you muttered, your face flushing a deep crimson as you tried to maintain some semblance of irritation. You shifted your weight, feeling the slick heat of him pressing against your thigh. "I should've just slammed the door in your face."

"Would've, should've, could've ," he mocked, reaching up to trail a finger along your jawline, pulling your gaze back to those shimmering, violet-gold eyes. "You wouldn't have. In fact, you look like you're about to drool. It's okay. I'm used to the attention. But usually, people just want my autograph, not this."

He arched his hips slightly, a silent, blatant invitation. "Come on. You've been taking care of me all year. Washing my clothes, cleaning my boots, making sure I don't wander off into some bar in the middle of a training camp... why stop now? Take care of me, Trainer. Make it worth the second-place finish."

You groaned, a low sound of defeat vibrating in your throat. He was insufferable. Smug, arrogant, and entirely too charming for his own good. But as you looked down at him—the way his dark hair was matted with sweat, the way his chest heaved with every breath—you realized you didn't want to be anywhere else.

"Just once," you lied, though you both knew it was a fantasy. "And if you're late for the mock start tomorrow, I'm doubling your laps."

"Deal," he whispered, his voice dropping an octave as his hands moved to the back of your head, his fingers tangling in your hair.

You slid down his body, the heat of his skin searing against yours. As you settled between his legs, the sheer scale of him became even more apparent. He let out a soft, hissed breath as your hands finally closed around him, his eyes fluttering shut for a brief second before he looked down at you with a gaze so heavy it felt physical.

"There we go," he murmured, his voice a honeyed rasp. He guided you in, his touch surprisingly gentle despite the mischief dancing in his eyes. "That's it. Don't be shy. I know you've been thinking about this since the moment I came in."

As you took him into your mouth, the world outside the bedroom ceased to exist. Stay Gold didn't stay quiet; he was a vocal creature, his breath hitching into shallow, jagged gasps that fueled your own fire.

"God... you're so good at this," he panted, his fingers tightening slightly in your hair, directing the rhythm quietly. "Best trainer in the world. Who knew you had such a... dedicated work ethic? Keep going… hnnfn… right there."

He leaned his head back, his throat bared, a low groan rumbling deep in his chest. Even while he was losing himself to the sensation, he couldn't help the teasing. "I might... I might actually try to win a race for this. Maybe. No promises."

He looked wrecked, beautiful, and utterly yours. You worked him with a renewed intensity, relishing the way his tail began to lash the bed and the way his small frame shuddered under your touch. He was a handful, a distraction, and a complete pain in the ass—but in this light, with him gasping your name, he was cute. You couldn't deny that.

Stay leaned back further on his elbows, watching you with an expression that was halfway between a king surveying his lands and a brat who'd just gotten away with stealing from the cookie jar.

"Look at you," he hissed, his fingers winding tight into your hair, pulling your head back just an inch so he could see your eyes. "So diligent. Are you trying to get a promotion, Trainer?"

You tried to glare at him through your lashes, but it was hard to be intimidating with him filling your mouth. You let out a muffled growl, a vibration he clearly felt, because he let out a sharp, delighted laugh.

"That's it. Keep that fire. It makes the ending so much better," he groaned, his hips beginning to snap forward with a sudden, violent urgency. His breath became a series of ragged stutters, his tail lashing the mattress like a whip. "Right there... don't stop... God, you're—!"

He stiffened, his entire body coiling like a spring before he let out a choked sound, his fingers digging into your scalp as he came. It was

an overwhelming amount, far more than you expected, and he held you there, pinning you against him for a few long, intense seconds while he pulsed. When he finally pulled out, he didn't give you a moment to recover; he gave himself a quick, wicked stroke, painting your cheek and chin with the remnants of his release.

"Oops," he whispered, though the grin on his face was anything but accidental. "Missed a spot."

"You're disgusting," you panted, wiping a hand across your face and looking at the mess with genuine irritation. "I have to wash these sheets, Stay."

"I'll buy you new ones if it bothers you that bad," he teased, already moving. Before you could even sit up to find a towel, he was sliding down your body. He was like a shadow, quick and fluid, his small frame disappearing between your knees.

"Hey—what are you—?"

"My turn," he interrupted, his voice dropping into that low, dangerous register that bypassed your brain and went straight to your gut. He looked up at you from between your thighs, his eyes near predatory. "You did such a good job. It’d be rude of me not to return the favor."

You leaned back on your hands, your heart hammering against your ribs. The irritation was still there, but it was being rapidly drowned out by a fresh wave of heat. As his hands—small but strong—wrapped around you, you couldn't help the sharp gasp that escaped your lips.

"See? You're already getting all flushed," he cooed, his thumb circling your tip with agonizing slowness. "So cute. The big, tough trainer, reduced to a shivering mess by a little old man like me."

He didn't wait for a retort. He leaned in, his tongue darting out to taste you first, a slow, deliberate lick that made your toes curl into the mattress. Then he took you in. He was skilled—frustratingly so. He knew exactly how to use the flick of his tongue and the suction of his lips to make your head swim.

"Stay... wait," you managed to moan, your head falling back as you tried to protest.

He pulled back for just a second, a string of saliva connecting him to you, a smug, wet glint in his eyes. "Wait for what? You've got nowhere to be, remember? You canceled all your plans." He leaned back in, his

voice a muffled vibration against your skin. "Just enjoy the ride. I'll make it feel good."

He picked up the pace, his dark hair brushing against your inner thighs, the star-streak of white flickering in your peripheral vision. Every moan you let out seemed to spur him on, his tail wagging with a slow, rhythmic satisfaction. You were completely at his mercy, pinned to the bed by nothing but the sheer talent of the man you were supposed to be "training."

Stay wouldn't let up though, his petite frame belying a voracious, practiced hunger. He took you deep, his throat working with a rhythmic, effortless suction that made your vision white out at the edges. Unlike your own fumbling, desperate efforts, Stay moved with the calculated grace of a veteran—someone who had certainly been around a couple times.

"God... Stay, stop—no, don't stop," you gasped, your fingers clawing into the damp sheets until the fabric bunched into hard knots beneath your knuckles. Your back arched off the mattress, your breath hitching into jagged, pathetic little whines that you'd never dream of making in the light of day.

He pulled back for a split second, his lips slick and glistening, a wicked, knowing spark in his golden irises. "What was that, Trainer? I couldn't hear you over the sound of how much you're enjoying your 'work day,'" he teased. He didn't give you time to answer, diving back down to finish what he'd started.

He used his tongue with a terrifying precision, swirling around the tip before drawing you back in, his eyes never leaving yours even as his head bobbed. You were coming apart.

"I'm... I'm going to—!" Your warning was cut short as your body finally betrayed you, a violent shudder racking your frame.

Stay didn't flinch. He leaned into it, his hands gripping your thighs to hold you steady as you came, swallowing every drop with a casual, devastating ease. He stayed there for a long moment, making sure he took every bit of you, before finally pulling away with a soft, wet pop.

He sat up on his knees, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, looking entirely too satisfied with himself.

"Delicious," he hummed, his tail giving a triumphant flick against your shins. "You've got a lot of pent-up energy, Trainer. I think I'm doing

the academy a favor by draining it out of you. You look so... helpless. So cute."

You lay there, panting, your limbs feeling like lead weights. "You're... you're awful," you managed to wheeze out, though there was no heat in the insult.

"Maybe," he chuckled, crawling up your body like a predator reclaiming its prize. He didn't stop until he was straddling your lap, his small, warm chest pressing against yours. He leaned in, his dark hair tickling your ear, his breath hot and smelling of you.

"But I'm yours," he whispered, his voice dropping into a dark, seductive rasp that made your heart skip a beat. His hands slid down to your waist, his thumbs tracing the line of your hips. "And who said anything about being finished? I've still got plenty of travel left on this itinerary, Trainer... and I'm not planning on leaving this bed until the sun comes up."

He nipped at your earlobe, a sharp, playful bite that signaled the end of your rest. "Round two, Trainer. And this time... I'm not going to be nearly as gentle as the first."

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